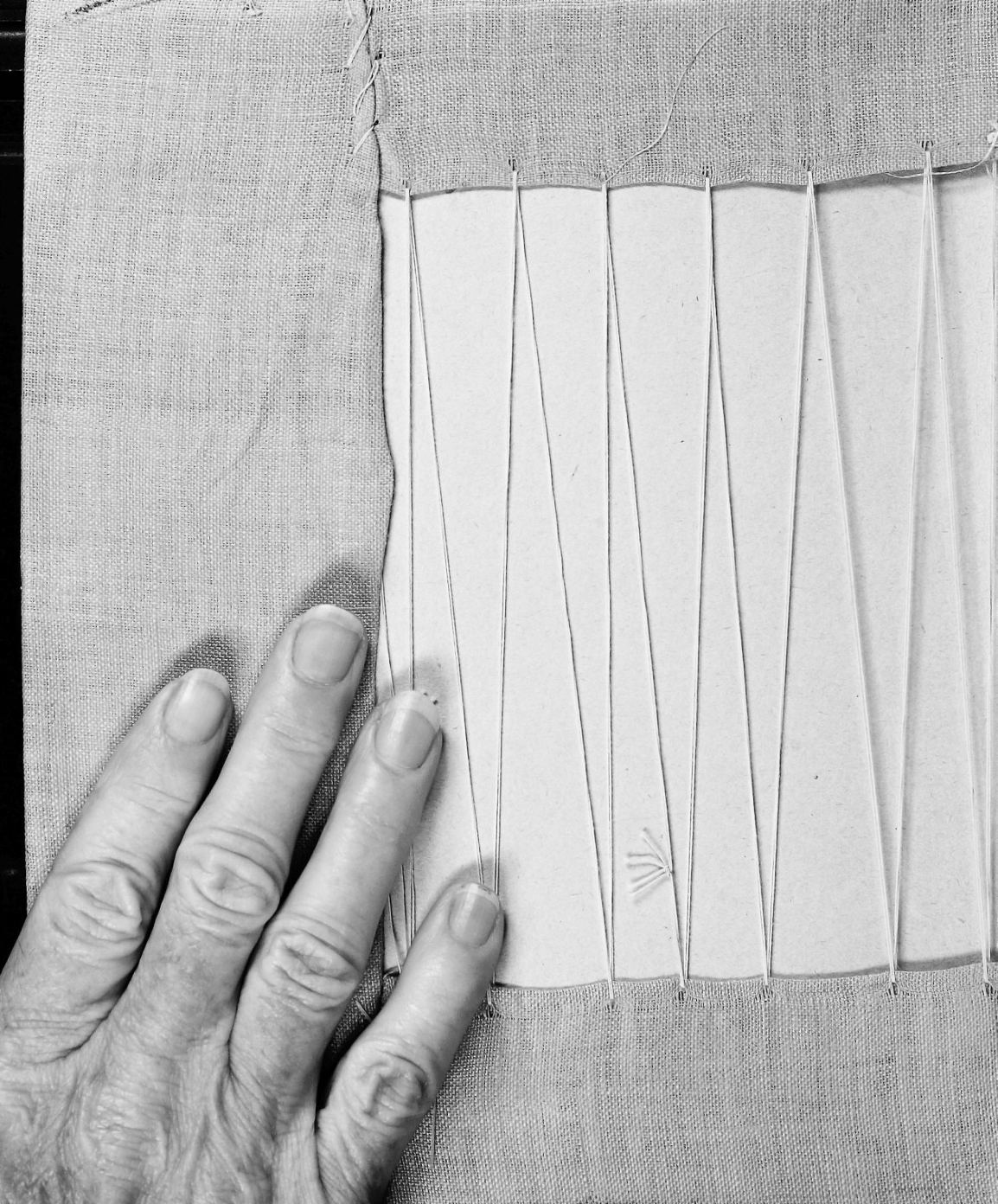


THE

KING'S HALL

MAGAZINE





"King's Hall Monthly Magazine."

December Number. January 1907.

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School Calendar of Events.

December.

The month was begun well with a concert conducted by Fraulein Bouvier. The programme included musical Tableaux and was concluded by a general dance in which the visitors, among whom were Mr. & Mrs. [unclear] and the Misses Vernon and Miss Monica Parker, joined.

On the third, the last day of the term, our number was reduced by the loss of two members, Miss Eleanor Edgar of North Hatley whose health obliges her to remain at home, and Miss Olive Hope, who, to the grief of her many friends, was removed by her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker returned from their trip to Toronto on the fifth

and Mr. Parker appeared on Thursday morning in time to conduct prayers to the great joy of his flock.

On Saturday, the eighth, there was a church bazaar in the town hall which was patronised by the whole school who spent the afternoon and had afternoon tea there.

The week was spent by the school in doing Christmas examinations with the above intervals of recreation.

"Pat."

"Loyal Hearts and True"

"The Bat"

Chapter I

The St. Georges.

It was a beautiful Autumn day in the pretty little London suburb L-, that a tall handsome lad in a uniform bearing cavalry stripes stride up and down a small but comfortably furnished library beside a humorous little clergyman who, it was very evident greatly irritated the impatient boy by his cantankerous words and expression, as he shrieked rather than said "you shall never, never, submit the Army, never while I live"

Many years ago the St Georges had been the largest land owners in

2.
Devonshire, but gradually
poverty had driven them to sell
their possessions until, finally
at the time of which I write the
weary-winded head of the family
had sold the beautiful old home
which had belonged to her ancestors
from time immemorial and
accepting the scanty living of £-
where he buried himself with his
beloved books, leaving his poor
motherless little girls and his
one headstrong boy to grow up
entirely under the care of an
incompetent nurse. During
his St George's lifetime the Devonsh-
ire estate had been well cared
for, and ^{also} her little son Brian,
who was passionately fond of
his beautiful mother; he seldom

saw the father who took so little notice of his children. Though a very handsome and lovable child, Brian had little control over his violent temper, and it was this that led him after his mother's death and their removal to L., to enlist as a soldier for the Boer War. It had been a terrible blow to the fact to leave the lovely old place, every stick and stone of which he knew and loved so well, where for eighteen years he had run wild, galloping over the hills on his spotted pony, swimming in the river that wound like a silver ribbon among the green fields, or hunting in the cool shade of the forests; to be suddenly transplanted from

from this perfect freedom to a
poor little house in an
obscure neighbourhood was unbearable, and so Brian made up his
mind to elude; throwing himself
heart and soul into the task of
preparing his horse and him-
self for transplantation, regard-
less of his father's threats and
entreaties. In spite of the fact that
his son was but eighteen years old
Mr. St. George, after his first furious
protests, buried himself once more
in his books, forgetting all about
the fact, the latter buying what he
needed from his own liberal
allowance; and it was not until
one day when Brian, entering
the study, held out both hands,
and with a beam in his manly

6-
voice said "won't you forgive me
father, and wish me good luck
before I go"; that he miserably
realized the fact of his boys going
to South Africa.

A few hours later saw the stalwart
young soldier standing by the
door of a 3rd class railway
carriage, gazing sadly and
with a tear in his eye, upon the
reheating form of an undersized
little clergyman, who, turning
the corner of the street named for the
last time to his son, and as the
train which was to bear the lad
to a workshop slowly steamed
from the station Brian drew
from his breast a little gold
miniature of a beautiful, sad
faced woman; saying as he

6.
gazed long and earnestly into the sweet
eyes: "Had you been here Mother dear,
you too would never have left you
and Old England.

Continued.

Social World.

Miss Olive Hope of Buffalo wore a
new gown on Sunday Nov 18th which
was a very charming sailor suit, and
the young lady looked a typical
stylish American beauty.

Miss Joy Whitehead was in town a
short time ago

Miss Isabelle Dudley Smith has
been 1st in the large II form of
H. S. The King's Hall monthly extends
congratulations.

Miss Marjorie Slane has been doing
her hair à la pompadour since
last Wednesday. Nov 21st 1906.

Miss Gertrude Williams is becoming
thin and pale worrying about her
monthly allowance which her
father should send her very soon.
Who is the laundress for the blue
dormitory?

Rev. Mr. Parker has been away
for quite a while.



The Worries of a Lover



(by Smudge)

Billy and Bobby were the two
youngest brothers of a family of
four, which consisted of three boys.

8
and his girls, whose names were
Rose and Nancy. Rose was married
and Nancy was "pretty near it," as
the boys had decided

Howard Boyler, who from all
appearances seemed very much in
love with Nancy, came as many
times as possible to see her in the
week, and every Sunday.

It was on Sunday that Billy and
Bobby had word from, and it is
about an eventful Sunday I will
now tell you about.

On Saturday night the telephone rang,
and Nancy went to answer it.

The two boys were meant to be in
bed, but instead of which they were
now leaning over the banisters
in breathless excitement in case
Howard should come up the

9
next day. Nancy had closed the door
and had been in nearly half an
hour. There was no doubt that it
was Harold, who was keeping her at
the telephone. Then they heard her
say "all right, then, you will be over
right after dinner - yes - yes -
good-bye". The two boys will be out -
Tooby & Billy - yes - good-bye"

Tooby & Billy giggled and then went
to sleep again

The next day they went to Church in
the morning as usual and seemed
very innocent, as far as Nancy
could see, so the fact that Harold
would soon be there. After dinner the
two were wild to go out, which they
did but not for long. Soon Harold
appeared, and then the fun began.
Tooby and Billy came into the

house again and waited. Nancy had drawn the curtain and her maid had been brought in, and the maid had been told to say that Miss Nancy was out if any one called. "Billy" said softly "did you keep those mice that Mary Jane caught last night?" "Yes, let's get them" said Billy and instantly scampered off & returned soon with three little mice still alive in a trap.

Then Billy slipped in and opened the trap behind the sofa, there was a rattle, followed by shrieks as the mice ran across Nancy's shoulder to the ground. On the meanwhile both boys were nearly bursting with laughter on the side. After some time Nancy

and Harold settled down again, but
seemed far too quiet to suit the boys
so they quickly stole in and seated
themselves behind the sofa, where
Bobby pretended to be Nancy,
and Billy was Harold.

It was just at this, a very
sentimental part, both on the sofa
and behind it, for Bobby was
clasped in Billy's arms in a
perfect imitation of the real scene
when an unfortunate giggle from
Bobby which again disturbed the
little romantic scene of the lovers
Nancy lifted her head quickly in
time to see Bobby pressing his lips
on Billy's forehead. With an
exclamation of surprise she arose
and — both Bobby and Billy
went to bed in tears. While Harold

found another place to meet Nancy
in.

Heart Strings.

(by the White Rabbit.)

It was the old story they had quarrelled
and parted. She was on a ship bound
for Liverpool, and he - far away
she knew not where.

The ship S. S. Cedric, had gone
quickly for his days, and had long
since passed out of sight of land.
The usual routine of settling down
had been accomplished, and
Violet Delancey was lounging
in a deck chair, thinking of all
she had thrown away when she
had refused his love. It was
her fault, of that she was quite
certain, and she'd have him back

as he had been! People had said
for a while she was hard-hearted
and then thought nothing more
about it. Violet knew it, and felt
it more keenly than ever now
she had time for reflection.

A sudden, "Good morning Miss
Delaney," startled her out of her
reverie, and she rose to greet
a tall well built man of thirty
five or thereabouts.

"Good morning, Sir Edward, are
you enjoying this glorious morning?"
Violet said it with a smile but
her eyes betrayed their sadness
"Yes thank you, are you?"

"Oh! yes"

He regarded her curiously for a
moment and then said "May I
have the pleasure of walking with

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you on the deck?"

"Thank you I shall enjoy it very much, as Grace feeling well?"

Grace was I in Edward's room, a fine little fellow of six

"Very well thank you, here he is. At this moment a dark little boy appeared dressed in a navy blue sailor suit

"Oh! Father! — "Deep your pardon Miss Delaney" and he gave her a customary military salute. It awakened all her interest in every thing, for one thing which I well loved was children.

"Yes, my son, what is it you want? you were going to say something?"

"Father, may I get one of the big knives in the barbership?" Without replying he gave Grace

the necessary money and then he
ran away.

Nothing important happened till -
Continued

Quig's Hall

(by Little John)

I Quig's Hall school is a jolly place -
A most mighty seat of knowledge -
It is very very full of joy,
And hope is in the college.

II It owns large Parks and Ditch
Rhodes
Where Marquises and Dukes grow
And there among the Hazel trees
The little Jay flies to and fro.

III And who can say we have no
treasures?

(Sometimes we may play Irish
 perchance)
 For each may swim upon the
 Hart
 Through Tease and Baptist
 look askance.

IV The girls have Rice and Pyke
 to eat,
 And sometimes Omelet too
 And chickens from the Fowler
 Though very seldom - it is true

V For W.H.C. is a jolly place,
 That mighty seat of knowledge.
 'Tis very very full of Joy
 And Hope is in the college.

A light of 9 errors.

(by the head haller)

I was staying with a friend of mine who lived far out in the country. There were no other houses near his house so I found it rather lonely staying there. A man drove out once a day early in the morning with food and anything that might be needed in the village and tellis (if there were any). I was asked to stay with him for a month but I had not been there more than a week, when I received a letter from my father telling me that my mother was very ill and to come at once.

Our house was ten miles away and as the cart would not be here till the

next morning so I decided to walk.
 I started that afternoon much against
 my friends advice because he
 said that some woods which I had
 to pass through were haunted,
 but he could not make me stay.
 Well, I started late in the afternoon
 about five o'clock and I thought I
 would get past this haunted wood
 before it was dark for I did not look
 forward to walking through it by
 myself for although I always said
 that all these kind of things were
 rubbish it was not a very pleasant
 prospect.

After I had been walking in this
 wood for a little time (it had
 grown quite dark by this time)
 I thought I heard a movement
 behind me, quickly turning

round I thought I caught a glimpse
of something white disappearing
in the darkness.

I went on although rather timidly.

I must say, when
horror! I felt his
clammy cold hands
passing over my
face. I did not
utter a sound, I
was so terrified, but
just stood there not
knowing what to do,
when with a hoarse
chuckle the hands
were removed,
and I, turning round
could see nothing
but the shadows
of the tall trees of the



wood.

So plunging once more into the darkness I resumed my journey without any further mishap, but I never found out any thing to clear the mystery of the ~~my~~ exciting which happened that night.

The End.

Notes and Queries

The Committee will answer any questions in the following columns
Address all communications
to Vice President.

Can you tell me how to get over nervousness?

The best cure I can think of is to sit down and read "The Puget Sound Monthly Magazine" which holds your mind in intense excitement.

and amusement.

For several years my face and hands have been rough and chapped from the water we use, can you suggest any better washing water to use?

My advice would be to use the color and smell of rain water, but to use it; it will give a lovely complexion and soothe the skin.

My children have always wanted candy and when they get it, it seems too rich for them do you know of any more healthy food?

Most candy is rich but the plainest is called "Electric Light" and other such simple and healthy foods which may be obtained at Complan T. Inc.

School Life.

The dinner bell had just rung and all was excitement for was not the girl from New York about to arrive; she had been the subject of conversation for weeks. Her late arrival was owing to the departure of her father to the West. As she walked into the dining room one hundred and fifty pairs of eyes were curiously fixed upon her, what they saw was a slight, rather pretty girl, with black hair and blue eyes, dressed in a stylish suit. Her hair, which was almost up, was tied with extravagant ribbon. She did not appear in the least embarrassed

but walked to a place pointed out to her by the Principal. Grace being said all sat down and dinner commenced.

After the meal was ended the girls flocked into the school hall where Miss Jackson the principal, introduced the newcomer, who looked at them rather disdainfully and asked if she might be allowed to go to her room and unpack.

"Yes, dear," said Miss Jackson, "take up one of the girls to help you."

Who would she ask to accompany her? To everyone's surprise turning she asked Julia Fetterstone a girl whom the others had

always rather slighted, on account of her plain appearance. She had very few friends and seemed to be pleased when asked to go. The two went up to a large room containing two beds, two bureaus and washingstands covered with dainty muslin, and several easy chairs round the room. Marion seemed quite pleased at the appearance of the room and set cheerfully about unpacking her pretty clothes. They were soon finished and she seemed quite at home in her new surroundings. When the girls at last came down stairs again they were very friendly.

After Marion had seen Miss Jackson, she came into the room again and joining hands Julia she said "I am allowed to choose whoever I like to room with me, will you come Julia? we will have a great time to - gether come up stairs now." "We can't go up now it is against the rules"

"I never would come on" so creeping up stairs again quietly, they talked of all the delightful times they would have to - gether. Marion had some lovely ornaments and jewelry for her room. The days soon passed Marion was quick and clever in her studies and she had soon surpassed Julia at last the event of the term



came. The School theatricals in which all were anxious to join Marion having a last full acting, was taking a principal character.

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When the evening arrived and
all were assembled in the hall,
Marion suddenly came running
in and going straight to Miss Jackson
cried aloud "My pearl necklace has
been stolen I left it on the dress-
ing table, Didn't I Julia? and
it has gone.

Continued..

"Between One and Two"

(by "Ghost & Shadow")

I
It was on the eve of Hallow'een,
And all the girls were in their
beds

Little thinking that between
One and two they'd raise
their heads.

II

1. Hark! what sound is this we
 hear
 Echoing through the light
 place
 'tis a whistle shrill and
 clear,
 Each girl sits up with
 frightened face

III

The doors burst open and
 in rush the girls
 Old ones say dear! to play
 a trick on the new
 Each in a wrapper and hair
 done in curls
 'tis not a sight the old girls
 will see.

IV

To own they rush by the teachers
 slans

A thing they are never
 allowed to do
 To be the hall bumping tables
 and chairs
 making a dreadful rullablow

II

The role is called the girls
 assemble
 & they're told to sing & not to
 weep
 which makes them fairly
 in a tremble
 For the old girls cry was
 sing! or soap!

III

'Twas the Ballad of Old Langsyne
 they sang
 which was kept up till voices cracked
 Just as they finished the old ball song,
 And off to bed they all were packed.

The Ghost of Rocky Cliff:
(by S. H. Anne)

Rocky Cliff is an old house on the
out skirts on the ~~west~~ ^{west} of S - on.

No one had been there for at least
five years as it was said to be
haunted and that a murder had
been committed long ago.

Now the town was surprised at
hearing the news that the owner,
(a young and wealthy Canadian)
was coming to live there.

The house was very ancient and the
furniture and portraits fast as
old.

The Past owner had been an old
gentleman Colonel Morgan. He
had always lived alone with
his housekeeper Mrs. Morrison who
was looking up the library and

morning, found a piece of paper with "I am tired of this world and go to take my rest, This was in her master's hand writing. She immediately went to a lawyer, Mr Benson, to whom she knew of as the only acquaintance of her father's master. Mr Benson had Colonel Morgan's will, which left all "to the daughter of my young daughter, Gladys Hope".

A telegram conveying the news was dispatched to Miss Hope, who replied that her brother Roland (with whom she lived, being an orphan) would come and settle her affairs.

Mrs Mason agreed to come every day to fix up the house and cook the meals for her Hope.

but nothing would induce her to sleep there as she said she had heard foot steps above, and had seen a white figure in the hall.

Thorndale slept in the colonel's room. At midnight he was awakened by hearing foot steps above him and then on the stairs, then he saw a tall figure in white enter the room and come towards him a dagger in its hand, it sprang on him and after feeling a sharp pang he never moved.

The next morning Mrs. Nelson found him still in bed and scarcely breathing, he gasped out all he knew about the night before. and before a doctor could be summoned he was dead.

The doctor said he had received
a slate in the heart and that
he had asked boys that could be
expected



His body was sent home to his
sister. Investigations proved of
no avail.
All this happened about five years

before the story commences. Now Gladys type who had lived alone with her companion Miss Macdonald since her brother's death had decided to come with her companion to live at "Rocky Cliff" as they could not get a servant to come with them, they decided to use only a few rooms and to cook their own meals. People wondered at the women coming to live alone in a "haunted house" but they had no fear and Miss type wanted to find out if possible the cause of her brother's death.

The next night as they sat together in the library Miss Macdonald fell asleep but Gladys stayed awake

and once when she happened
 to lift her eyes to a portrait of a
 gentleman in soldier's dress, she saw
 the eyes ~~were~~ and then vanished
 after staring at her a while. She
 awakened Lewis & Edmund
 and together they listened, and
 as there was no sound they quickly
 went out and as they only knew
 Mrs. Wilson they went to her
 house & she gave them a bed and
 in the morning Gladys telegraphed
 to Rex Clayton a great friend,
 and who seemed like a
 brother to her more than anyone
 else - He had tried to solve the
 mystery of Roland's death but had
 failed.

Now Gladys asked him to come
 at once to "Rocky Cliff" - and he

arrived in the afternoon.

The three had tea together and then walked into town and got a detective to come with them. They examined the portrait and found that there was glass in the place of their eyes but this could not be replaced in day time. The three waited up till midnight and again they heard the footsteps, then a rustle like some one going down stairs then a few minutes after when they looked at the portrait there were these beautiful eyes looking at them. The detective took out a pistol and fired at the eyes. There there was a jump and a rustling down the hall. The detective prevailed on the ladies to stay in the library, and with Rex

followed the white figure down the hall
 which when it reached the end
 it touched a spring in the wall,
 a small door opened and the two
 men followed the white figure into
 a small but well furnished
 apartment, this was a secret room
 known to no one evidently except
 the ghost, who fell in a heap on
 the floor giving a most awful
 shriek and groans and then it
 straightened itself out in death
 & the men found that they were
 in a room where all sorts
 of arms and fancy things were
 kept. on a table was a dagger
 and by it on a piece of paper
 was written "I'll kill all who
 disturb my rest"
 It was easily seen that under

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the white clothes the figure was
that of Colonel Morgan, and on
looking at him and at his
surroundings it was also seen that
he must have been out of his mind
and imagined himself a ghost,
with the duty to rise and see these
men as he had written "disturbed
his rest" - The clothes were those which
had probably been meant for fancy
dress. There was no need of a
doctor for Colonel Morgan had entered
into rest not to be disturbed we
will hope, he was quietly buried in
the iron casket.

It soon proved that Rex had
were that a better time for Gladys
they were married and lived
for a long time in happiness
together at 'Rocky Cliff' and were

Run as the popular young Mr. "and Mrs. Pers Clayton which ^{is still} occupied by their descendants" and nobody has ever been known to have seen or heard of any more ghosts at "Rocky Cliff".

The End.

An Adventure.

(by the Siamese Twins)

In the country of Northshire there stood by the side of a river an old grey stone house with grape vines climbing over the entrance of the door & creepers covering the house. For many years there had lived a happy family by the name of Pers but now there was only the youngest son residing in the old house -

stead. one evening while roaming

by the river banks with his friend
 Youngy Allen they commenced
 talking about money matters. "Well
 said Allen I have often heard of
 yous, but above all you are the most
 for many men would like to travel
 and yet not able to, while you as far
 as money is concerned could travel
 the seas twenty times over and yet
 would never know the difference but
 shall you spend your time worrying
 about this dreadful place!"

"Dreadful!" said Russ, "I don't see
 anything dreadful about it except
 that it is rather lonely but that
 may not be for always as some
 day I may have a wife to keep
 me company, - But what is
 that yelling I hear?"

"It's only some bird in the bush

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don't bother about it"

"Will you were taking about this dear old place were'nt you, - but what's that in that boat? I am going to see for certainty the yellow's coming from there"

"O my well" said Allen you can go and see what it is but I certainly am not". "Suppose I'll see you to-morrow so Arrived for the present.

Turning round Ross ran towards the Red House and launched his little skiff and rowing with all his might he reached the boat where in it a young girl was crouching on the floor with her hands and feet tied. After being informed that she was now safe, she fainted and when she came to she found herself lying on a couch with

Ross bending lowly over her holding a glass of wine to her lips. Finally Ross drew from her what was the matter and she related how, when coming home that evening she had met a man who for a number of years had been her enemy and who had tried to draw from her a secret which she was withholding and how he had tried to end her life by pulling her in a boat.

The following day she returned home after gratefully thanking Ross for saving her life.

Ross having fallen in love with her made a point of seeing a great deal of her and the following year they were

married and it was thus that he
 took ~~some~~ Allen's advice and
 went travelling with his wife
 & the secret has never been known to
 any body so we leave it to you
 to find out.

The End.

A lovely Child.

(by The Poet)

I

The day is bright and lovely,
 The sunstone smiles on all,
 And though the summer's over
 The birds still seem to call:—

II

Oh! come and play fair maidens
 Come out upon the green
 Mingle glad song and laughter
 Before the snow be seen

III

III

And out they rush sweet
 mother
 to laugh and sing and
 play
 But still my heart is
 long
 for my mother far away

I

IV

Oh! take me home dear
 mother
 Oh! take me back to thee
 I sometimes long to die
 here
 For they're all so cruel
 to me

V

Yes when I am sadly lonely
 And think and long for you
 There's not a soul that
 loves me

4/5

Two our heart to use that's
true

VI I sit and watch the waves let
A rippling on the shore,
I they wait for whirling water
But I want you more and
more

VII And though I might never
I through for dear Stanbur
man,
I still would say within my
heart
Oh! better late we found.
The End.

Receipts

How to cure chills blains:-

Take about a quart of a cup of turpentine and enough camphor to dissolve in it, rub it on.

Twice To avoid put this on if the chills blains are broken

Panache.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cups of brown sugar

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cream

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of pulverized nuts, boil 15 minutes then add butter ^{the} size of an walnut add nuts

Wedge.

2 cups of pulverized sugar

6. teaspoonfuls of cocoa

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of cream

1. table spoonful of butter

1. teaspoonful orange wine

well and boil from 8 to 13 minutes
 Beat till it thickens and add one
 teaspoonfull of vanilla

Sugar Cookies

Beat yolks of two eggs add gradually
 1 cup of granulated sugar and two
 teaspoonfulls of soft butter, when
 the mixture is light add one
 cup full of milk, a grain of
 salt, one egg and a teaspoonfull of
 vanilla enough flour to thicken
 (about four cups) to make a dough
 that will roll. cut nicely -

All cookie dough must be as
 soft as possible, the whites of
 eggs added before milk or they may
 be kept and used for another
 purpose.

Puzzles.

Find four boys names in the following:-

abroodn traⁿrah
sljau Rtrouthioa

Orlando, Julius, Horatius Arthur

Find four Girls names in the following:-

maslei
hilehlope
miseru
appolunris
brethene
emplied
hau dle.

*Sharon
Miranda
Elizabeth
Arnold*

Notice All answers must be sent in to the Vice President, before next month. Answers will appear in the January number.

Committee News.

The Secretary has much pleasure in recording the first meeting of the G. & C. Library Society. The proceedings were followed with great interest especially during the vote which was considerably animated at one moment there might have been no slight danger to any one accidentally entering. The door did open once or twice and a shower of epithets was showered upon an innocent head!

All the ladies showed a becoming modesty when voted for, especially for the secretaryship! When the President began to unfold her plans there was a movement towards the door which had to be firmly

repressed though some of the lighter particles managed to escape.

Another very select meeting was called on Friday evening Nov: 30 and was composed entirely of the Special Committee. This highly cultivated band sat in judgment on the contributions and many wise not to say witty criticisms were passed.

Criticisms

The gifted authors who have veiled her name under the modest one of "Pat" was evidently in a religious mood when naming her contribution was it because we sang hymn 284 on Sunday?

O our beloved Sudge has done

such gruesome illustrations that
nightmare could easily be the result

The Mysterious Clock.

(by Psychogue)

About three or four weeks ago, as
my brother and I were walking along
a street, in the poorest district
of a large town in Europe, we saw
in front of us an old shrunken up
little man walking very slowly. He
looked so strange we followed him
and turning up a side alley
he entered an old second hand
shop. We followed and were much
interested in looking at the things,
particularly at a very handsomely
carved rather large and high
clock.

Our strange friend said there

was an interesting story connected with it which he would tell us if we liked, we assented and he began —

About seventeen years ago, I was a clock repairer and late one afternoon I got a message to ask me to come at once and examine a clock as it was a very valuable one and had not gone for three or four days and its owners were much worried about it. I went at once and when I saw the clock's face I was struck dumb for there on it was a small sliding panel. I examined it more closely and by accident touched a spring revealing a large cupboard in which to my horror

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lay a skeleton, it had fallen
against the pendulum and
so stopped the clock.

I decided not to say anything
to the owners of the clock about
this but I told them I would
have it taken to my shop so
I could examine and repair it.

I did accordingly and while
looking at it found a note in
one of the crevices of the clock
which read thus-

I John Wyman have killed
my brother for his money which
I have hidden with him in
this old clock as I am afraid
to keep it. It is an old clock but
valuable and whoever finds
the money must keep it or they
will be haunted by me.

Now said our narrator as he finished this is quite true. I returned the clock after removing the body and money and had not a moments peace till I got it back. The owners went away shortly afterwards and I bought the clock and never will part with it again.

We tried to persuade our strange friend to sell us the clock as I longed to possess it but this he would not do and we then returned home after rewarding this strange old fellow for his interesting story.

The End

Lost

Lost. a white jersey with name in it,
since Oct 27 Will finder please
return to Elsa May

Lost. While the party who lost
were a rubber with E. May scratch-
ed. on the outside please return to
the owner

Lost A yellow drawing pencil TB in
September. & under please return
to Elsa May

Lost. A small penknife with a
white pearl handle, also the
owner's name on it. Will finder
kindly return to Fay Morony

Lost. A small pair of black
boots no: 7½ with name inside
them. & under please return to
Otilie Wright.

Lost. A gold pin on Friday night last

or three weeks ago. Will guide
 please return to Jessie Parmelee
 Lst. A darning needle between
 your V's and Hall door. Under
 please return to Florence Le Sueur.



The End.



Smiles

